

TWELVE
Ingenious Characters:

OR,
Pleasant Descriptions,

OF THE
PROPERTIES

Of Sundry
PERSONS & THINGS.

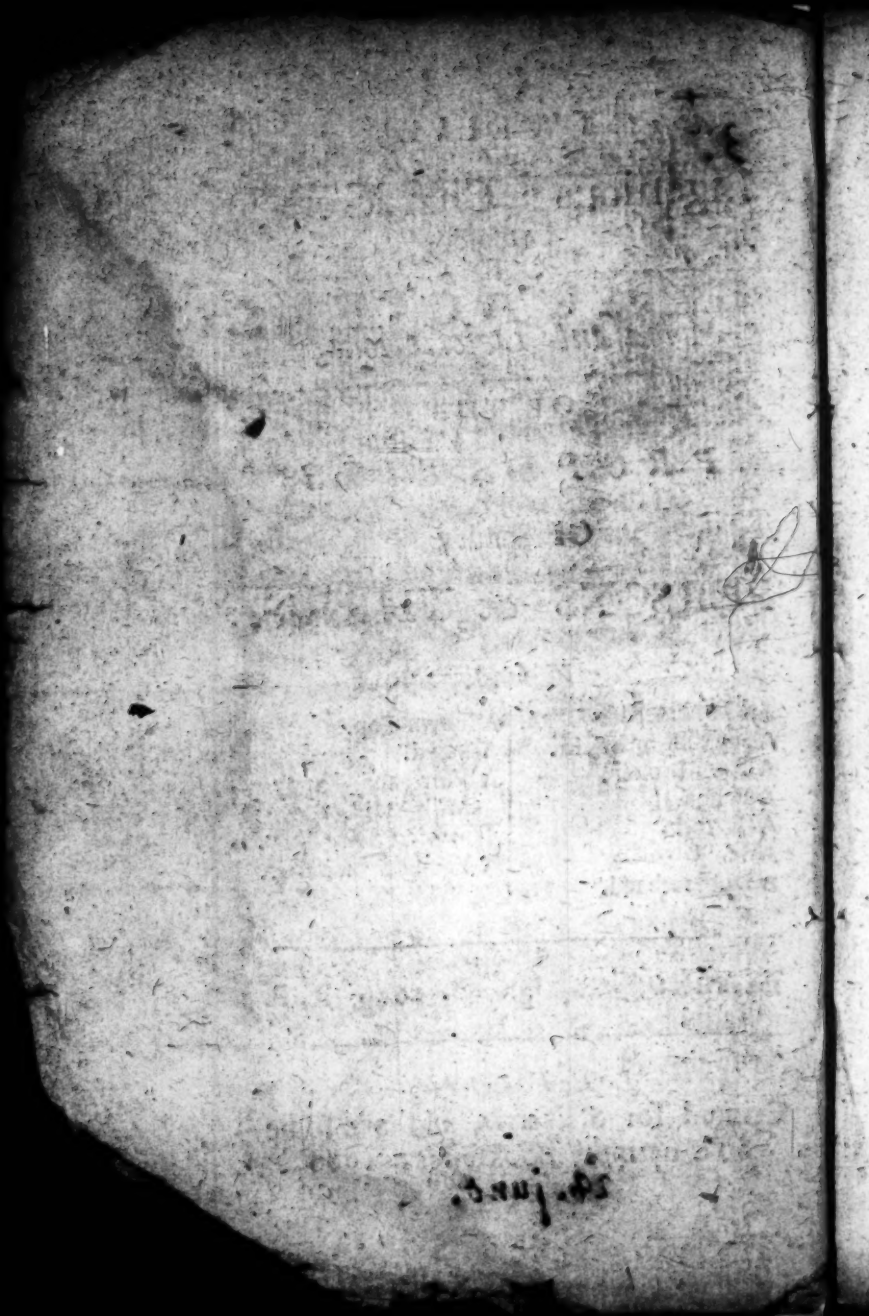
VIZ.

An Importunate-Dunn.	A Town-Fop.
A Serjeant or Bailiff.	A Bawd.
A Pawn-Broker.	A Fair and happy
A Prison.	Milk-Maid.
A Tavern.	The Quack-Directory.
A Scold.	A Young Enamourist.
A Bad Husband.	

Licensed, June the 2d. 1686. R. P.

L O N D O N:
Printed for S. Norris, and are to be
Sold by most Bookellers. 1686.

28. June.



Ingenious

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTER. I.

Of an Importunate Dunn.

AN *Importunate Dunn*, is the Quintessence of Vexation; a *Single Plague*, worse than all *Egypt's Ten*; a kind of *Substantial Ghost*, perpetually haunting a Man, and sucking him as eagerly as an *Hobgoblin* does a *Witch*; an *Horse-leech* that always cries *Give, give*; or rather a *Cuckoo* that has never but one Note --- *Pay, Pay, Money, Money, Money*: A troublesome Devil not to be laid with Holy Water, and only exorcis'd by *Silver Crosses*; an *Evil Spirit* whom no *Musick* but the sweet *Gingling* of *Coin* can charm.

A 2

Should

Should we enquire his Pedigree, he seems one of *Nimrods* Bastards, for he is a Tyrant by Nature, and a mighty Hunter by Profession. A Blood-hound of a notable Quick scent to discover his Game, and a deep Mouth to pursue it; he takes upon him a Prerogative to get, where even Kings themselves must loose their Rights; Nay, presumes to Ape *Creation*, by attempting to squeeze *something* out of *nothing*, and raise a *World* of Cash, from the barren Womb of meer *Vacuties*.

He would make an excellent Statesman, for he has the best Intelligence in the World, and will find out a lurking Acquaintance in a City croud, or Countrey corner, sooner than a purblind *Astrologer*, or a limping *Hue and Cry*; Yet nothing lights him to you sooner, or more exasperates him against you, than a new Suit, a good Dinner, or a merry Glas; for he holds it for a *Maxime*, that whoever owes him any thing, ought to be in Arrear likewise both to back and belly, if the Debtor live so remote, that he cannot conveniently wait on him every other

Characters.

other day, he makes him pay Interest (even to Extortion) at the *Post-Office*; for he is sure of more Letters, than a *handsome Girl* of sixteen that has a great Fortue at her own Dispose; his Stile in these *Familiar Epistles* is extremely civil in the Front, but close and pressing in the Rear. --- He would rather loose his small concern, than put you to the least Inconvenience. --- But must needs have his money next return, or else shall be forced to turn over the debt, or take his course. Yet he attributes your Non-payment to your unmindfulness, and desires you not to take this one more Item unkindly; He talks much in the Language of *Bacchs Brazen-Head*, Time's past; and (as if you were a second *Jeshuah*) blames you for not keeping the Day; he pretends extraordinary kindness for you, but hates all Protections so much, that he dares not say at the end of his Letter, He commits you to that of Heaven, but always hoping to hear from you Speedily, and with Effect, rests, Your Humble Servant.

At this rate (as the *Weapon-salve* heals) he wounds at a distance ; But if you are come-at-able (as he calls it) he will rack the very Soul of you, for he attends you as duly as your Shadow, and proves as constant a Tormentor, as a Guilty Conscience to a Murderer, you can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor walk in quiet for him ; Indeed the Tenter-hooks he puts a man upon, are enough to stretch the tenderest Conscience, and warp the best nature in the World, for when he will not be satisfied with *Truth*, you are forc'd to tell him *what is not so*, to get rid of him, afterwards by unceasing Importunities, he provokes you to swear at him, and at last, by degrees, hardens you into a Resolution, never to pay him, Thus we may call him the Devils Usher, that tempts people from Lying to Swearing, from that to Dishonesty, and so improves them from *Form to Form*, in the School of Wickedness till they are fitted for the *Academy of Hell*.

Erynologists think he is called a *Dunk*, by Antiphrasis because he will never

never have done his bawlings; or (as others write) takes the Appellation from a quondam famous Officer of Justice of that name, with whose Nature he sympathizes, and worries a poor man with as little Remorse, as that *Newgate* Squire could a Traitor. His Faith is enough to make one turn Infidel, for he uses none so bad as those he trusts; Nor can he be counted a Christian, since his Charity both begins and ends at home, and if ever he says his Prayers, he skips over that Petition, *Forgive us our Debts, as we forgive our Debtors*, in the *Pater Noster*, as flily as a Phanatick does the Article of *Believing in the Catholick Church* in the *Cred.* He is commonly early up, and never the near; for he wakes a man in a Morning, before the *Lark* is up to chaunt her Mattens, and a Guard of *Switzers* cannot keep him out of ones Chamber; alledging Business, Physick, sleep or sickness cannot divert his Persecutions: And 'tis happy for him, that doors cannot maintain Actions of *Assault* and *Battery*. He beats up your Quarters so often, that

they quickly learn to deny you at home; but if he chance to find you at any of your Haunts, he makes you believe 'twas by the meekest Accident, though he have waited eight and forty hours on purpose. However he is heartily glad to see you, (that's the only Truth you shall have of him) and shaking you by the hand he asks you, --- *What News?* But before you can answer, out comes the little Money between us. Then, Lord bless him! *Times are so hard, and money was never so scarce since Adam wore Fig-leav'd Breeches!* His Creditors are so urgent, they won't be put off, but he must forthwith make up a Sum, and therefore if you cannot help him to all, spare him but a little, for five pound now will do him as much good, as fifty another time, Nay, 'twill be as great a favour, as if you gave it him out of your Purse, &c. With this rally of Rhetorick, the blushing Debtor is Non-plust, and promises as many Impossibilities, as a Quack Doctor, or a trembling Cully, under the Terrors of a Bully Rampan; only silently wishes, he had a handful of Guinies to beat

beat out his brains with ; for he is as much afraid of him as a *Saucy Prentice* of meeting a Gentleman at *White-Hall* whom he hath affronted in the City ; This makes him shun the place where he lives, as bad as a Pest-house ; And (if we may credit an experienc'd Author) when he is to pass from *Algate* to *Covent-Garden*, and the low ebb in his Pocket will not suffer him to go by water, he must first trot down to *Tower-hill*, thence strike up to *Northern-Falgate*, then down again to *Queen-hive*, thence up to *Charter-house Yard*, from thence to *Salisbury Court*, and so to *Red-Lyon-Fields*, before he can reach *Drury-Lane* in Safety ; and yet for all this caution, his head stands awry with continual looking about.

Yet take them both together, they are two of the greatest Hypocrites in Nature ; for though behind one anothers back they rail each at other, as bad as a Weaver against a *Frenchman*, yet when they meet, they are so glad to see one another ! And truly, I have ever found you very civil to me, says one, and I don't in the least questi-

on your *Honesty* says the other ; when the short of it is, 'tis forty to one, but one of them will prove a rank Knave ; The Creditor if ever he be paid, or the Debtor if he never pay.

CHARACTER. II.

Of a Serjeant, or Baliff, and his Setting-Cur.

THE first, is a kind of *Excreffence* of the Law, like our Nails, made only to scratch and *claw* ; a sort of Birdlime, where he lays hold he hangs, a Raven that pecks not out mens *Eyes*, as others do, but all his spight is at their *Shoulders* ; and you had better have the Night-Mare ride you, than this *Incubus*. He is one of *Deauncalion's* By-blows, begotten of a *Stone*, and has taken an Oath never to pity *Widow* nor *Orphan*. His first business is to bait you for money for his (confounded) *Civility* ; next, to call for Drink as fast as men for Buckets of Water in a *Conflagration* : After which,

which, becoming grave and serious, he advises you in revenge to *Arrest* the Plaintiff, and offers to do it; with or without cause; 'tis all one to him, if he perceive you have Money.

His *Follower* is an Hanger that he wears by his side; a false dye of the same Ball, but not the same Cut, for it runs somewhat higher, inflames the Reckoning, and so does more mischief. He's a Tumbler that drives in the Co-neys; but is yet but a Bungler, and knows not how to *cut up* a man without tearing, unless by a pattern. This is the Hook that hangs under water to choke the Fish, and his Officer the Quill above, which pops down as soon as ever the Bait is swallowed. Tho' differing in degree, they are both much of a Complexion, only the Teeth of this *latter* are more sharp, and he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full *Half-share of the Booty*. A main part of his Office is to swear and bluster at their trembling Prisoners, and cry, *Confound us, why do we wait: let's shop him:* Whilst the other meekly replies, *Jack, be patient,*

'tis a civil Gentleman, and I know will consider us: Which Species of wheedling in Terms of their Art, is called *Sweeten and Pinch*. The Eyes of these Wolves are as quick in their Heads, as a *Cut-purses* in a Throng; and as nimble are they at their business, as an *Hang-man* at an Execution. They'll court a *broken Pate* to heal it with a plaister of *Green Wax*, and suck more Silver out of a Wound than a Chyrurgion. Yet as these Eels are generally bred out of the mud of a Bankrupt, so they commonly die with their *Chins* upt up, or are decently run through the Lungs; and as they liv'd hated, die unpierced. We speak here of those only that abuse the Intentions of the Law, and act Oppression under the Colour of serving common Justice.

C H A

A
ers in
Com
not c
anco
Pluto
keeper
grow
as T
Prac
cest
him
Figu
Leg
Shop
whe
om,
deve
havi
up i
phic

CHARACTER. III.

Of a Paun-broker.

AN Unconscionable Paun-broker, (for there are conscionable dealers in that way, that are a Relief and Comfort to the Poor, and those are not concern'd in this Character;) an unconscionable Paun-broker, I say, is *Pluto's Factor*, *Old Nick's Warehouse-keeper*, an *English Jew* that lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as Toads on filth and venom; whose Practice outvies *Usury*, as much as *Incest* simple Fornication; and to call him a *Tradesman*, must be by the same Figure that Pickpockets stile their Legerdemain an *Art and Mystery*. His Shop like Hell gates, is always open, where he sits at the Receipt of Custom, like *Cucas* in his Den, ready to devour all that is brought him; and having gotten your *Spoils*, hangs them up in *Rank and File*, as so many *Trophies of Victory*. Hither all sorts of *Gargants*

Garments resort in Pilgrimage, whilst he playing the *Pimp*, lodges the *Tabby Petticoat* and *Russet Breeches* together in the same *Bed* of Lavender.

He is the Treasurer of the Thieves *Exchequer*, the common Fender of all *Bulkers* and *Shop-lifts* in the Town. To this purpose he keeps a private Warehouse, and Ships away the ill-gotten goods by wholesale; dreading nothing so much, as that a *Convict* should honestly confess how he dispos'd the moveables. He is a kind of Disease quite contrary to the *Gour*; for as that haunts the rich, so this mainly torments the poor, and scarce leaves them so much as a primitive Fig-leaf to cover their Nakedness. Mrs. *Jone*, when she is minded to see her Sweet-heart, and Gammer *Blew-bottle* going to a Christening, muster up the Pence o'th' Saturday Night to redeem their best Riggings out of Captivity; but on Monday morning infallibly bring them back (like Thieves that had only made an escape to the old *Linbus*: and this so often, till at last they know the way, and can go to

Pawn

Pawn alone by themselves. Thus they are forc'd to purchase the same Clothes seven times over : and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it cost thrice as much as they are worth for their lodging in his custody. When they come in, like other Prisoners, they first pay Garnish, the *Two pences* for Entrance money ; after this, *Six-pence* a Month for every twenty Shillings lent, (which yet indeed is but 19s 6d.) that is (according to their Reckoning of thirteen Months to the Year) six shillings and six pence Interest for one pound for a Year ; which makes thirty three pounds, six shillings and eight pence in the hundred, viz. one third part of the Principal, and just 27l-6s-8d. more than the Statute allows ; besides twelve pence for a *Bill of Sale*, if the matter be considerable, so that since they never lend half the value on any thing that is brought them, if a Pawnbroker lay out a hundred pounds, he first makes near forty *per Annum* Advantage certain, as aforesaid : And then considering how many Thieves,

&c.

Or. (their chief Customers that bring the lumping bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many poor are not able, especially since as soon as the Year and day expire, they presently dispose their Pawns, or pretend to do so, we may reasonably conclude, that these Horse-leeches make *Cent. per Cent.* at least of their money in a Year: And all this by a course tending only to the encouragement of Thieves, and ruine of those that are honest, but Indigent.

CHARACTER IV.

Of a PRISON.

A Prison is the Grave of the Living, where they are shut up from the World and their Friends; and the Wormes that Gnaw upon them, are their own Thoughts and the Jaylor. 'Tis a House of Meager looks, and ill smells, for Lice, Drink and Tobacco are the Compound; *Pluto's* Court was express from this fancy. And

And the Persons are much about the same Party that is there. You may ask as *Manippus* in *Lucan*, which is *Nixem*? which *Thersites*? which the Begger, which the Knight; for they are all suited in the same form of a kind of Nasty Poverty, only to be out at Elbows is in fashion here, and 'tis a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. Every Man shews here like so many Wracks upon the Sea, here the Ribs of a Thousand Pounds, here the Relick of so many Mannours, is a Doublet without Buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity then Executions are. The Company one with another is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rayle on Fortune, and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyrs, as Men that have had a great stroke in assisting them thither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartedness, yet they fain it sometimes to shun Melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment

B

ment

ment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better: and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it. It is the place where new commers are most welcomed, and next them ill News, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to insult; and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their Tongues at more liberty than their Bodies. Men see here much Sin, and Calamity, and when the last does not mortifie, the other hardens; and those that are wicked here are desperately wicked, as those from whom the horrour of sin is taken off, and the punishment Familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this School; Which though it teach much Wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: And it is better to be a Fool then to come here to learn it.

CHARACTER V.

Of a TAVERN.

A Tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of Stairs above an Ale-house, where men are Drunk with more Credit. If the Vintners Nose be at the door, it is a Sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by a Bush: The Rooms are ill breathed like the Drunkards that have been well washt over Night, and are smelt too fasting next morning, not furnished with Beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary Implements, Chairs, Tables, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more News then Hogsheads, and more Jest than News, which are sucked up here by some spongy Brain, and from thence squeezed into a Comedy. Men come here to make Merry, but indeed make a Noise, and this Noise above is answered with the Clinking below. The Drawers are the civillest

People in it, Men of *good bringing up*; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *High Calling*. It is the best Theater of Natures, where they are truly acted, not plaid, and the business as in the rest of the World up and down, that is, from the bottom of the Celler to the Great Chamber. A Malancholy Man would find matters to work upon, to see Heads as brittle as Glasses, and as often broken. Men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends. It is the common Consumption of the Afternoon, and the Murderer or Maker away of a Rairy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the Face, and Tobacco the Gun-powder that blows it up. A House of Sin you may call it, but not a House of Darknes, for the Candles are never out; and it is like those Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at Mid-night as at Mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a Street in a dashing showre, where the Spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling Rivers, overflow—

flow their Banks. To give the total reconing of it, it is the basie mans Recreation, the Idle mans business, the melancholy mans sanctuary, the Inns a Court mans entertainment, the Schollars kindness, and the Citizens courtesie. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a Cup of Canary their Book, where we leave them.

CHARACTER VI.

Of a SCOLD.

A Rank Scold is a Devil of the Female Gender; a *Serpent* perpetually hissing and a spitting of Venom; a composition of *Ill-nature* and *Cla-mour*. You may call her animated *Gun-powder*, a walking Mount *Aetna* that is always belching forth flames of Sulphur. A Burr about the Moon, is not half so certain a preface of a *Tempest* at Sea, as her *Brow* is of a *Storm* on Land. And though *Laurel*, *Haw-thorn*, and *Seal-skin* are held preservitives against

gainst *Thunder*, Magick has not yet been able to find out any *Amulet* so sovereign as to still her Ravings: for like Oyl pour'd on flames, good words do but make her Rage the faster; and when once her Flag of defiance, the Tippet is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for Cunstable nor Cucking-stool.

Her Tongue is the *Clapper* of the Devils *Saints-Bell*, that Rings *all-in* to confusion. It runs round like a Wheel, one Spoke after another, and makes more *Noise and Jangling*, than Country-steeple on the fifth of *November*.

If she be of the *preciser* cast, she abuses *Sacred Language* in her Railing, as Conjurers do in their Charms; calls her Neighbours *Heathen Edomites*, her Husband *Reprobate*, or *Son of Belial*, and will not *Cudgle* her Maid without a Text for't. But now I speak of Husband, methinks I see the *creeping Snail* shivering in an Ague-fit when he comes in her presence. She is worse then Cow-itch in his Bed, and as good as a *Chafing-dish* at Board: But, has either quite

quite forgot his *Name*, or else she likes it not; which makes her Re-baptize him with more noble Titles, as *White-liver'd Raskal*, *Drunken Sot*, *Sneaking Ninkompoop*, or *Pitiful Lowsey Tom Farthing*. Thus she worries him out of his Senses at home, and then ferrets his Haunts abroad worse than a Needy Bawd does a decay'd Bally's. In a word, a *virulent Scold* is her Neighbours perpetual disquiet, her Families Evil Genius, her Husbands Ruine, and her own daily Tormentor: And that you may the better know her Pedigree, I'll give you a serious account of the Receipt or Method made use of for her Production into the World, lately found in a long-concealed Manuscript of *Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus*, as follows, *viz.*

Nature to form a *Scold* first took of the Tongues and Galls of *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Wolves*, *Magpies*, *Parrets*, *Cuckoos*, and *Nightingals*, of each a like number: The Tongues and Tails of *Kipers*, *Adders*, *Snakes* and *Lizards*, seven a piece: *Akrun Fulminans*, *Aqua Fortis* and *Gun-powder*, of each one pound:

pound: The *Clappers* of Nineteen *Bells*, and the *Pestles* of a Dozen *Apothecaries Morters*. Which being all mixt, she Calcin'd in Mount *Strombels*, and dissolv'd the *Ashes* in a Water distill'd just under *London-Bridge* at three quarters Flood, and Filtrated it through the Leaves of *Calepines* Dictionary, to render the Operation more verbal. After which, she distill'd it again through a *Speaking-Trumpet*, and closed up the remaining Spirits in the Mouth of a Cannon. Then she open'd the Graves of all new-Jeceased *Pettifoggers*, *Mountebanks*, *Barbers*, *Coffee-News-Mongers*, and *Fish-Wives*; and with the skin of their Tongues made a Bladder cover'd o're with *Drum-heads*, and fill'd with *Storms*, *Tempests*, *Whirlwinds*, *Thunders*, *Lightnings*, &c. These for better Incorporation, she set seven years in a *Rough Sea* to ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a Twelvemonth in a Balne of *Quick-silver*. Lastly, to Irrabiate the whole Elixir, and make it more Churlish, she cut a vein under the Tongue of the *Dog-star*,

Dog
the
Subl
with
then
men
the
of t
natur

A
For t
Ingre
is the
him
scorn
whee
Moth
a Fan
high;
ruines
of all
his W
or old
a Goat

Dog-star, drawing thence a pound of the most cholerick Blood; from which Sublimating the Spirits, she mixt them with the Foam of a Mad-Dog; and then putting all together in the fore-mentioned Bladder, sticht it up with the Nerves of *Socrates's* Wife. Out of this notable Preparatory, Dame-nature compos'd a *Shrew*.

CHARACTER. VII.

Of a *BAD HUSBAND*.

A *Bad Husband*, is an inconsiderate piece of *foulish* Extravagance; For though he consists of several ill Ingredients, yet still *Good-fellowship*, is the *Causa sine qua non*, and gives him the *Ho-go*: He is the *Wife* *Man's* Scorn, the *Shirks* Exchequer, and the wheedling Hostesses *Honest man*; The *Morb* of an Estate, the *Shipwrack* of a Family, or a mischief *Three-story-high*; for he scandalizes his Ancestors, ruins himself, and strangles the hopes of all his *Pesterity*. He throws away his Wealth as heartily as young Heirs, or old *Phylosophers*, and is so eager of a *Goal*, or a *Mumpers Waller*, that he

C

will

will not wait Fortunes *leisure* to undo him, but rides Post to *Beggars-Bush*, and takes more pains to spend Money, then Day-labourers to get it; whilst still his word is, *Let's not pinch whilst we have it, since 'tis time enough to want when we have it not.*

He knows no difference between Prodigality and Liberality; but is so foolishly free, that he dries up the Springs of Bounty, by cutting down the Banks, and letting the Streams run waste, if he pretend to Gentility, he thinks he can no way make good that Title, but by paying (where-ever he comes) the whole Reckoning; and every Rascal that can but cry, *My Noble Master*, is Master of his *Purse*; which *sucking Vermin* continually flatter about him as thick as Flies in a Confectioners Shop. If he go to Market, 'tis but to purchase a *Fox*, and two days after returns, having only truckt away his Corn for Drink; and put off his Cattle to make him a greater Beast.

His first business after Marriage, is to pay Ale-house *Scores* with his *Wives*

Wives *Portion*; and his next, to pawn her *Clothes* for supplies of fresh Debauchery. If he be a *Cuizen*, he counts his shop a *Prison*, till at last he is shop'd in a *Prison* indeed. He pretends always extraordinary business abroad, and must needs go to the *Exchange*, when he has nothing to do there but change *Shillings* into *Sixpences*, and reduce *Guinea's* into *Farthings*. He still cries, 'tis to soon to go home yet, and will trudge a mile about rather than come near his own door, for fear he should be obliged to come in before his hour, which is *Midnight* or past; for if he go home before, he says he can never sleep well. He is an *Hoghead* set upon two *stumps*, fit for no use but to hold *strong Drink*; and if he be not at the *por*, is like a *Fish* out of *Water*, that does nothing but *gape*; He thinks nature gave him a *Mouth* not so much to speak, as to take off his *Liquor*; and his only enquiry is, *Where dwells the best Sack and Claret*? He is a passionate lover of *Mornings Draughts*, which he generally continues till *Dinner-time*; a

rigid exacter of *Num-Groats*; and Collector general for *Foys* and *Bibe-vidg*: He admires the Prudence of that Apothegm, *Let's drink first*, and would rather sell 20 per Cent. to loss, than make a dry Bargain, You shall infallibly find him and his Tribe about the *Fag-end* of the day at *Rendez-vooze*, like a *Constellation* fixt in the lower Region of a known Tavern, where their *Noses* appear like *Comets* that evermore portend excessive *Drought*: They go in upon Parol not to exceed *Three-pences*, but seldom come out under an *Half-Crown-Club*; and their Noise, (for Discourse you cannot call it) is more Non-sensical and impertinent than a *She-Quakers* Sermon, or the Tattles of an *Up-siring*. As soon as they are accommodated with a private Room, an half Pint, (for so they modestly begin) some clean Pipes, and a *Jordan*, their first Argument is, the goodness of the Wine, which being Voted a *Flower*, produces next a *Bottle*; and then News is the Subject of debate; or for want of that, who

who was most *drunk* the Night before, or reel'd home with the greatest *Gravity* and *Decorum*. Though they live like *Publicans*, yet they imitate *Pharisees* in their exactness of making clean the *inside of the Glass*; and their strictest Criticisms are, *see it go round, and take it off, Sir*.

In this sweet Society our trusty *Trojan* bears his part till he has not Discretion enough left to know at which end to *light his Pipe*; then staggering away, (if he'scape the *Compter*) 'tis forty to one but he meets with some little *Town-baggage*, who picks his Pocket, and in Requital bestows upon him a swinging *Clap*. In the mean time the good Woman at home sits lamenting till twelve at night over a piece of mouldy Bread, and a Draught of *Rot-gut*; and the Children are fain to go to bed without a *Supper*, because the vile *Milk-woman* is grown faithless: At last, when her precious Husband comes with a breath that stinks with

Canary and Tobacco, worse than Hell of Brimstone; he perhaps picks a causeless quarrel, gives her a Remembrance with a Bed-staff, that she is forced to wear the *Northumberland-Arms* a week after; which the good-natur'd Soul must excuse, by pretending an unlucky fall, or blaming an innocent *Door-latch* for the injury. But put case he go peaceably to Bed, what comfort is to be expected from such a Swine?

CHARACTER VIII.

Of a TOWN-FOP.

THE Town-Fop is one that plays *Rex* where-ever he comes, and makes as much hurry as *Robin-good-fellow* of old amongst our *Granams Milk-bowls*; he is a kind of a *Squib* on a Rope, a *Meteor* compos'd of Self-conceit and noise, that by *blazing and crackling* engages the wonder of the ignorant, till on a sudden he vanishes and leaves a *stench*, if not *infection* behind him; he is too often the *stain* of a good Family, and by his

his debauched life blots the noble coat of his Ancestors: A wild unback'd Colt, whose Brains are not half codled, indebted for his Cloaths to his Taylor, and for his wit (such as it is) to his company: The School had no sooner endued him with a few Superficial besprinklings, but his Mothers Indulgence posted him to Town for Genteeler breeding, where three or four wild companions, half a dozen bottles of Burgundy, two leaves of Leviathan, a brisk encounter with his Landlords Glass-windows, the charms of a little Miss, and the light of a New Play, dub'd him at once both a Wit and a Hero, ever since he values himself mainly for understanding the Town, and indeed knows most things in it that are not worth knowing: The two Poles wherein all his discourses turn, are Atheism and Bawdry, bar him from being prophate and obscene, and you cramp his Ingenuity, which forthwith flags and becomes useless, as a meer common Lawyer when he has cross'd the channel.

He is so refractory to *Divinity* that *Morality* it self cannot hold him: He affirms humane Nature, knows no such things as *Principles* of good or evil, and will swear *all Women are Whore*; though his *Mother* and *Sister* both stand by; whatsoever is sacred or serious he seeks to render ridiculous, and thinks *Government* and *Religion* fit objects for his *sle* and fantastick *Buffoonry*: His *humour* is proud and assuming, as if he would palliate his ignorance by scoffing at what he understands not, and therefore with a *per* and *pragmatick* scorn depreciates all things of nobler moment, but most passionately affects pretty *Al-a-mode* words, and is as covetous of a *New Song* or *Ayre*, as an *Antiquary* of *Caio's Statue* with ne'er an *Arm*, and but half a *Nose*; these keep him always imploy'd, and fill up the *Grotesco's* of his *Conversation*, whilst with at stately *Gallantry* once in every half hour he combs out his *Wig*, *carreers* his *Breeches*, and new marshals his *Garniture*, to the Tune of *Metbinks the poor Tomu has been troubled to long*.

His.

His mind used to whistle up and down in the levities of Fancy, and effeminated by the childish *Toying* of a rampant imagination, finds it self indisposed for all solid imployment; especially the serious exercises of *Piety* and *Virtue*, which begets an Aversion to those lovely *Beauties*, and that prompts him on all occasions to expose them as ridiculous and vain: Hence by degrees he comes to abuse *sacred Scripture*, makes a mock of eternal flames; Joques on the venerable *Mysteries* of Religion, and in fine, scoffs at that *All-Glorious* and *Tremendous Majesty* before whom his Brother *Wise* below tremble; 'tis true, he will not confess himself *Atheist*, yet in his heart the Fool hath said it, and boasts aloud that he holds his *Gospel* from the *Apostle* of *Malmesbury*, though it is more than probable he ne'er read; at least understood ten leaves of that *unlucky Author*. Talk of *Witches*, and you tickle him; speak of *Spirits*, and he tells you he knows none better than those of wine; name but *Immaterial Essence*, and he shall flout at you as a dull.

dull Fop incapable of sense, and unfit for Conversation; Nor is he ever better pleas'd than when he can here hedge in some *raw Divine* to Bull-bait with Scurrility and all kind of Profaneness.

By means of some small scraps of Learning matcht with a far greater stock of Confidence, a voluble Tongue, and bold delivery, he has the ill luck to be celebrated by the Vulgar, for a man of parts, which Opinion gains credit to his Insolences, and sets him on further Extravagances to maintain his Title of a *Wit* by continuing his practice of *Fooling*; whereas all his mighty parts are sum'd up in this Inventory. *Imprimis*, A Pedling way of Fancy, a lucky hit at Quibbling, now and then an odd Metaphor, a conceited Irony, a ridiculous Simile, a wild fetch, an unexpected Inference, a Mimick-Gesture, a pleasing knack in humouring a Tale: And lastly, An irresistible Resolution to speak last, and never be dasht out of Countenance.

By these *Arts* dexterously manag'd, he engrosses a vast repate: The grave Citizen calls him shrew'd man, and notable

notable *Head-piece*, The *Ladies* (we mean the things so called of his acquaintance) vote him a most *accomplish'd* Gentleman, and the *Blades* swear he is a walking *Comedy*, the only merry *Andrew* of the Age, that scatters *Wit* where-ever he comes, as *Beggars* do *Lice*, or *Musk-cats* perfumes, and that *nothing in Nature* can compare with him.

You would think he had gotten the *Lullian Art*, for he speaks *Extempore* on all Subjects, and ventures his words without the relief of *Sense* to second them; his thoughts start from his *Imagination*, and he never troubles himself to examine their decency, or solidity by Judgment. To discourse him seriously is to read the *Ethicks* to a *Monkey*, or make an Oration to *Caligula's Horse*, whence you can only expect a *wee-hee* or *Jadish Spurn*; after the most convincing Arguments, if he can but muster up one plausible *Troque* you are routed. For he that understood not your *Logick*, apprehends his *Droll*, and though *Syllogisms* may be answered, yet *Jests* and loud laughter can

can never be confuted, but have more sway to degrade things with the unthinking croud, than *Demonstrations*; there being a Root of envy in too many men, that invites them to applaud that which exposes and villifies what they cannot comprehend: He pretends great skill in curing the *Tetter* and *Ring worms* of state, but blows in the sores till they rankle with his poysonous breath; he shoots *Libels* with his forked Tongue at his Superiors, and abuses his dearest *Friends*, chusing to forfeit his neck to the *Gibbet*, or his shoulders to the *Ballot*, rather than loose the dryest of his idle *Quibbles*. In brief, he is the *Jack-Pudding* of Society, a *Fleeing Buffoon*; a better kind of *Ape* in the Judgment of all wise men, but an incomparable *wit* in his own.

CHARACTER. IX.

Of a BAWD.

A *Bawd*, is an old *Char-cole* that hath been burnt her self, and therefore is able to kindle a whole *Green Coppice*. The burden of her Song

Song is like that of *Fryer Bacons Head*,
Time is, Time was, Time is past; in re-
 peating of which, she makes a wicked
 Brazen face, and weeps in the cup, to
 allay the heat of her *Aqua-vita*. Her
 Teeth are falln out; marry her Nose
 and Chin, intend very shortly to be
 friends and meet about it. Her years
 are sixty and odd; that she counts her
 best time of *Trading*; for a *Bam* is
 like a *Medlar*, she's not ripe, till she
 be rotten. Her envy is like that of the
 Devil; To have all fair women like
 her: and because 'ts impossible they
 should catch it being so young, she hur-
 ries them to it by Diseases. Her *Park*
 is a villanous barren ground; and all
 the Deer in it are Rascals: Yet poor
Cottagers in the Country (that know
 her but by hear-say) think well of her;
 for what she incloses to day, she makes
common to morrow, her goods and her
 self are all removed in one sort, only
 she makes bold to take the upper hand
 of them, and *be carted before them*, the
 thoughts of which makes her she can-
 not endure a *Poffet*, because it puts her
 in mind of a *Bason*. She sits continu-
 ally

ally at a *rack rent*; especially, if her *Landlord* bear office in the Parish: for her moveables in the house; (besides her quick Cattle) they are not worth an *Inventory*, only her beds are most commonly in Print: She hath only this one shew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman send for ten Bottles of wine in her house, he shall have but five quarts; and if he want that way, let him pay for't, and take it out. --- *Or*. Nothing joys her so much as the coming over of *Strangers*, nor daunts her so much as the approach of *Shrove-Tuesday*. In short, not to foul more paper with so foul a subject, he that hath past under her, hath past the *Equinoctial*; he that hath scap't her, hath scap't worse than the *Calenture*.

CHARACTER X.

Of a Fair and happy Milk-Maid.

A Happy *Milk-Maid*, is a Country Wench, that is so far from making her self Beautiful by Art, that one look of her is able to beat all *Fase Painting* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a *dumb Orator* to commend Vertue, therefore minds

it

it not. All her excellencies stand in her, so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her Apparel (which is her self) is far better than outides of *Tis-sue*: For though she be not Arrayed in the spoil of the *Silk-worm*; she is Deckt in *Innocence*, a far better Wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed, spoil both her *Complexion* and *Conditions*; Nature hath taught her, that, too *Immoderate Sleep is Rust to the Soul*: She rises, therefore, with the *Lark*, and goes to bed with the *Lamb*. In Milking a *Cow*, and straining the *Teats* through her *Fingers*, it seems as if so sweet a *Milk-press*, made the *Milk* the sweeter and the whiter; for never came *Perfumed Glove* or *Aromaticque Oyntment* on her *Palme* to taint it. The *Golden Ears* of *Corn* fall to kiss her *Feet* when she *Reaps* them, as if they wisht to be *Bound* and *led Prisoners* by the same *Hand* that fell'd them. Her *Breath* is her own, which smells all the *Year* long as in *June*, like a *New-made Hay-Cock*. She makes her *Hand* hard with *Labour*, and her
Heart

Heart soft with Pity; and when Winter Evenings fall early (sitting at her merry Wheel, she Sings a defiance to the giddy *Wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *Ignorance* will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her Years Wages at next Fair; and in chusing her Garments, counts no bravery ith World like *Decency*. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physick* and *Chyrurgery*, and she lives the longer for't. She dare goe alone, and unfold Sheep ith Night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is always accompanied with old *Songs*, honest *Thoughts* and *Prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing Idle thoughts. Lastly, her Dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Fridays Dream is all her *superstition*; that she conceals for fear of Anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the *Spring-time*, that she may have store of Flowers strowed upon her Corps.

C H A-

XI. The Quacks Directory.

HAVING observed the Prodigious Success of Modern Quackery, and that the Practice of it is lately become a *last Shift*, more common and thriving too, than selling of Ale, or setting up a *Coffee-House*. And finding still abundance of indigent Idle People, that could never make their untoward *Handicraft* sadge to purpose, who would be glad to exchange them for so genteel and advantageous an Imploy, had they but the secret *knack*, whereby other Bankrupts with small pains and less parts, have in an instant raised themselves from Beggery, to competent Estates. Out of our great respect to such hearty well-willers, to so secure and gainful a Science; we have thought fit to unfold the whole *Mystery*; as 'tis this day practised with so much profit and applaude: Draw near then with attention, all you decayed *Ragamuffins* of the Town; you, by whose Dulness, no Mechanick Mystery but scorns to be Master'd, whom neither Sea nor Gibber will accept; we'll put you in a way of feeding your selves and the Worms too: *Honest* no doubt, because *common* and *safe*, for why, your miscarriages shall never be heard for the *Dinn* of Knells you shall occasion,-----But to deliver our Documents in order:

First, To pass for currant, you have no more to do but to call your selves Doctors; *Pliny* hath affirm'd it before: And though I neither expect nor desire you shou'd underit n^t *Latin*, yet because a scrap may do you a kindness, on t^his

D

or other to *swagger* with, I'll give it you in his own Language: *Hac sola Arte, evenis quod cuiuslibet Se Medicum dicenti facile credatur, Cum sit periculum in nullo Mendacio Majus.* In this Art alone it comes to pass, that any one but professing himself a Physician, is presently believed; though in no case the belief of a lie be more dangerous. I have *English*; this for the benefit of those that do not understand Latin; and I have no quarrel at all against those that do.

However, In the second place to support this Title; there are several things very convenient: Of which some are *External Accoutrements*, others *Internal Qualifications*.

Your outward Requisites, are a decent *Black-suit*, and (if your Credit will stretch so far in *Long-Lane*) a *Plush-Facket*; not a Pin the worse though Thread-bare as a *Tailors* Cloak; it shows the more reverend Antiquity.

Secondly, Like *Mercury*, you must always carry a *Caduceus* or Conjurings Japan in your Hand, capt with a *Civet-Box*; with which you must Walk with *Spanish Gravity*, as in deep Contemplation upon an Arbitrament between Life and Death.

Thirdly, A convenient Lodging, not forgetting a *Hatch* at the Door: A Chamber hung either with *Dutch Pictures*, or *Looking-Glasses*, *see-litter'd* with Urinals or empty Gallipots, and Vials filled with *Tap-droppings* or *Hair-water*, coloured with *Saunders*: Any *Sexton* will furnish your Window with a *Skull*, a hope of your custom: over which hang up the *Skeleton* of a *Monkey*, to proclaim your skill in *Anatomy*.

Four:thly

Fourthly, Let your Table be never without some old musty Greek or Arabick Author; and the 4th Book of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy*, wide open, to amuse spectators; with half a dozen of *Guilt Shillings*; as so many *Guineys* received that morning for Fees.

Fifthly, Fail not to oblige Neighbouring Ale-houses, to recommend you to inquirers; and hold Correspondence with all the Nurses and Midwives near you, to applaud your Skill at Gossippings.

Now to your necessary Qualifications, They are in general two, *viz.* Loquacity or Talkativeness; and Impudence.

As for the first, 'Tis a mighty *Setter-off* amongst the Vulgar: Be sure therefore you learn to pronounce *Oppilation* and *Obstruction* of the Spleen; and *Schirrhus* of the Liver, with a full Mouth; at least speak hard words, Though never so wretchedly misapply'd; and obscure common ordinary things in Terms of Art (for all the use you are to make of such Terms, is the same Jugglers do of *Alchymical* and *Prescriptions* to amuse Peoples Brains while you pick their Pockets) if you can but get so far as to call the Fit of an Ague, a *Poroxyfme*, Fits of the Mother *Hysterical* Passions: Thunder out *Sympnetical*, and *Antihysterical* Cures: prate of the *Mechanism* of Nature; though you know no more on't than a Plow-man does of Clock-work: Tell him of appealing the Irritated Atrocious Microcosmical Monarch; increasing the Radical Moisture; and relieving all the Powers, *Vital*, *Natural*, and *Animal*: The admiring Patient shall certainly cry you up for a great Schollard;

provided always your Nonesense be *fluent*, and mixt with a disparagement of the *College*, *Graduated Doctors*, and *Book-learned Physicians*; against whom you must ever bring in your high and mighty word *Experience*.

But since every man is not endued with the gift of *Taling*, and tis fit you should learn like a *Dutchman*, to *Sail* with every Wind: If mildly Nature, or more penurious Education, have not offered you a *Tongue well hung*; make a Vertue of necessity: look *Grave* and *Dig*, decline all discourse, especially if Ingenious Men be by: Tell them *Diseases* are not to be frighted away with words; that you do not come to *Talk* but to *Cure*; &c. This will at once conceal your Ignorance from the *Judicious*, and increase your esteem for a notable reserved *Physi- Fellow* with others: If any ask the cause of their *Distempers*, or reason of your *Prescriptions*, satisfy them both by producing a List of your *mighty Cures*; wherein if one half be false and the other *hired*, there is no great danger: For he must be a strange Inquisitive Infidel, that will not rather believe them, than give himself the trouble of disproving them. Which brings me to the second property, *viz*:

A convenient Audacity: There is nothing more necessary, nothing more advantagious. Make people believe, that no Pitch-field ever flew or wounded half so many as you have recovered: That you have made Death retreat, where Nature was more forcibly beleaguered than ever *Sartin* was, and disappointed him of more *Bhs* than Civil or Foreign Wars have furnished him with these Forty Years: That you have

have even *Beckon'd* Souls back again, that have been some Leagues onwards their Journey from their Bodies: Boast the wonders you have done at *Leiden* and *Hamburg*, the *Lazzaretto* at *Venice*, and the *Maison de Dieu* at *Paris*: That your Closets are *Immortality-Offices*, and that you can let *Leases of Lives* of a larger Date than a *Suit in Chancery*: Pretend the cure of all Diseases, especially such as are Incurable; and to know which are most in season, consult the Bills of Mortality; and next Week vary your *Bill* accordingly.

In particular, Since the whole Art of Physick consists in the *Diagnosticks*, *Prognosticks*, and *Therapenticks*; For the first two you must either pretend to be *Waterlogers*, or (which is more abstruse and modish) *Astrologers*, *Fispropheets*, or *Star-wizards*; either way will do well enough, and to speak truth, are much of a certainty: In both there is necessary a *Previous pumping*, by apt and wily Questions, and their Answers handsomely turned into other words, will extremely gratifie the *Patient* or *Queen*. If you practice by the *Ornith*, though tis as like to discover the colour of a Sick-man's Cloath as his Infirmities; yet a thousand to one but with discreet handling, you may shak it into the *Scurvy*, the *Pox*, or the *Consumption*: Nay you may venture to tell what *Trade* your Patient is off, by his *Working-days Water*, and if you see his *Sundays Water*, what *Religion* he is of: But if you proceed by the *Scheme*, there is nothing so probable as to say, He is *Bewitch'd*, under an *Ill-Tongue*: That he has a *Take* upon him, or is *Pluxer-brucken*, and the Lord of the *Scorch* shews

shews you to be the only Doctor in the World that can help him: Only here be ware that you never pronounce a Common-Council-man with *Child*, or a Constable sick of the *Mother*; and in other cases, if your Judgement chance not to hit the Nail on the Head, tis but having recourse to necessary Prudence, called by the Superstitious, the Art of *Lying*, As to tell um their Stomack is fain out of the place, but you doubt not but to fetch it up again: That they have Straws in their *Lungs* as big as Beams, and their *Livers* are wasted with Venery and Drinking: Then as for *Therapenticks*, if your Medicines be *Galenicall*, though never so common, disguise them with strange Names; call *Sena* a *Specifick*, *Metbride* an *Elixir*, *Extractum Ruidii* an *Arcanum*, and add a *Nostrum* to *Album Gracum*. But if you would rather betake your self to Chymical Devices, and want Nonsense to cant their virtues; there are Phamplets enough abroad to furnish you. The Tincture of the *Suns-Beard*; the Powder of the *Moons-Horns*; or a Quintessence extracted from the Souls of the *Heaven-Gods*; will go off rarely for an Universal Medicine; and bobble the simple out of their *Money* first, and their *Lives* afterwards.

But to deal ingeniously, I will teach you a far more ready and curious way, both of finding out and curing all diseases, than has yet been discovered; which is thus, Take two large Sheets of Paper, on the one write down (or get the Book-learn'd Scribe that writes your Bills to do it for you) the names of all ordinary *Distempers*; on the other all celebrated Medicines; whether

whether *Catharticks*, *Diureticks*, *Diaphoreticks*, *Emeticks*. Then when any Patient comes or sends, and you have heard the story, *repose* a while, telling them a true Physician must first *study* and then *Prescribe*: In the mean time, by your self, on the Roll of Infirmities, *string* a *Dye*, and as many as the chance is, so many Diseases, you may assure them the party has; but principally that whereon the *Dye* falls; Then do the same on the paper of *Remedies*, and *Prescribe* or *Administer* that which the *Dye* lights on, to be taken so *many times* as there are spots on the chance. And if the sick be pain'd in the *Head*, you may easily discourse them into a persuasion that the Disease (or at least the *Cause*) is in their *Hand* or *Toe*; By which *safe* and ingenious course, you shall honestly refer it to *Fortune*; to discover both the Disease and Medicine; whereas others through a *conceited* Knowledge, or unhappy *Ignorance*, render themselves more than *accessary* to the Death of *Many*.

CHARACTER. XII.

Of a Young Enamourist.

HE's one who as soon as he has quitted his School-boys *Toys*, next *Toy* he gets is a *Mistress*, when 'twould make you forswear *Love* to see how ridiculous he makes it, and to hear him talk of Gods and Goddesses, you would take him for some Pagan never converted to Christianity. There is nothing so cold as to hear him talk of *Flames*, nor so dull as his discourse

course of *Cupid's* darts, and to hear him sigh like a dry Pump, or broken winded bellows; you would never wonder at *Lepidogaster's* affording winds so cheap. Of all Servants, he is the necessariest and easiest to content and feed; for he is his *Mistris's* *Squire*, *Dispenser*, *Laque*, or *Messenger*; but above all her *Fool*, to which he is bound by the Proverb; 'Tis impossible to love and be wise: Mean time, you may feed him cheaper than a *Chamelion*, for a good look serves him a week at least, and he is prouder of holding his *Mrs.* Busk or Fan, than a School-boy with a Scepter in his hand, playing the Emperors part in his School; to keep him so which, his *Mistris's* lets him know that 'tis with love as 'tis with war, which once declared you are to expect nothing but Hostility; and knows her self, that 'tis with Lovers as 'tis with Anglers, who feed the Fish e'er they are caught, but caught once feed on them: whence she bites not greedily at the bait, but craftily tolls him on with hopes, and like Rope-makers goes backwards still, the better to advance her work, and draw him on, mean while he follows her so long, till either he wax weary and ceases his pursuit, or catches her tripping, and then falls down on her, when fastning her in the Marriage Nooze, he carries her away, and either turns kind *Chickold*, and keeps open house for all, or jealous *Coxcomb*, and shuts his doors against every One.

FINIS.